

His comrades had now come up, and  
 and, horrified and pitying they gazed  
 on her.

They were a party of our old friends, the raftsmen. At the moment our attention is directed to them a huge, broad faced fellow has gained the notice of his comrades, and is directing to them in a boisterous, blatant fashion, anything but refined. His appearance, as he sits with the firelight revealing his features, would afford a study to an ethnologist. A wild, wonderful face is his, and one would be puzzled in deciding to what possible race or nationality he be-

touch of the lancest youth fainted, and was carried home on a shutter by the young ladies after their arms had been attended to.





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### A KISS AT THE DOOR.

We were standing in the doorway—  
My little wife and I—  
The golden sun upon her hair  
Fell down so softly,  
A small white hand upon my arm,  
What could I ask for more  
Than the kindly glance of loving eyes,  
As she kissed me at the door.

Who cares for wealth, or land, or gold,  
Or fame, or millionaires power?  
It does not give the happiness  
Of just one little hour.  
With one who loves her life—  
And says she loves me more—  
And I thought she did this morning,  
As she kissed me at the door.

At times it seems that all the world  
With all its wealth and gold,  
Is very poor and empty  
Compared with what I hold!  
And when the clouds hang grim and dark  
For one who waits my coming step  
To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till she is old and feeble  
The first upon her head,  
I know she'll love me just the same  
As the morning we were wed;  
But if the angels call her,  
And she goes to heaven before,  
I shall know her when I meet her,  
For she'll kiss me at the door.

## MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST HIS MARRIAGE."

### CHAPTER III.

The rest of their journey was soon ended: Murphy stopped at an inn, where he saw the mare rubbed down and fed, with his own eyes, as he took his young companion to the lodgings hard by, which Kavanagh had indicated. Mulvaney's was an eating house of humble exterior, situated in a secluded street, whereof the houses were old and gabled, and mostly built of wood. It had doubtless been the residence of some rich and thrifty citizen of yore; but here it had been the pride of some Dame Margery to keep the oak well polished, and to see that the sleeping rooms smelled of dried lavender. But Dame Margery had been dead these hundred years and more; and if Widow Mulvaney, who reigned in her stead, had a pretension for any odorous herb above another, it was for onions.

At the back of the great eating-room was a smaller apartment, used probably in ancient times as the citizen's own parlor, from whence he could keep his eye upon the "prentices in the shop; but now set apart as a withdrawing room for smokers; here the smell of tobacco and the reek of whisky devoured, like an Aaron's rod, all other odors. "Well breakfast in the smoke-room, tell Mistress Mulvaney," had been Murphy's first words to the girl who admitted them within-doors; and in this more private chamber the meal had accordingly been spread. While the travellers were doing ample justice to it, there entered through an inner door the proprietress herself, a stout and rosy-cheeked widow, whom Mr. Richard Murphy—rising hastily from his chair and sweeping the back of his hand across his lips—at once saluted with a very audible "Be easy, Dick," said she, but so calmly, that the words were robbed of their rebuke, and behaved yourself before folk. Who is this?

"A friend of the young master's," answered Murphy. "Good! Then he is welcome, as, of course, are you, Dick; though I am sorry to see you here." She looked around her significantly. "What's the matter now, that you must needs have a room with two doors to it?"

"The very mischief's loose," said Murphy; "I mustn't talk about it even to you; but Choseny—that's the boy yonder—and me are to be quiet here till we have our orders. Can you put us up upstairs somewhere?"

"To be sure I can, if it was for a twelve-month. You shall have the front room, and Biddy shall leave her and come to mine—that will give one to the master's friend. It is but an attic, but—"

"Any place will do for me, ma'am," interrupted Murphy simply.

"Oh, he ain't a young prince disguised, if that's what you mean," said Murphy, with a coarse laugh.

"He's a sight better looking, and a deal better spoken, than ever you were, anyway, Mr. Imperious!" returned the widow. "You've been up all night, I reckon, my good lad, and would not be sorry to feel your head, so I'll see that it is got ready for you." And off she went, leaving the two men staring after her.

"You'll not take your clothes off, boy, mind that," said Murphy imperiously. "Remember that the young master said; that you must be ready for a start at a moment's notice; and you'll hold your tongue, no matter how the widow yonder may blarney you; and you'll not leave this house, neither night nor day."

"I shall obey Mr. Kavanagh in every particular," observed Choseny haughtily, and with a strong stress upon the name.

"It will be your better plan, Master Smoothface, for the hour in which he comes to have through fault of your own, be your last, as sure as my name is Richard Murphy."

The color deepened in the lad's wholesome cheek, and his blue eyes flashed scornfully as he replied: "I have seen enough of one bully in my life, Mr. Murphy, to make me very recalcitrant against putting up with another. I was not afraid of you, my friend, when you wanted to murder me for stopping your horse and saving your life, and I am not afraid of your big words; so you may spare your breath for other purposes than to threaten me. You have laid your ugly hand upon me twice—"

"And I'll do it a third time, and to some purpose," cried Murphy, as he rose to put his words into effect. Choseny also rose, and snatched up a knife from the table.

"This is keeping quiet with a vengeance, Mr. Murphy," exclaimed the widow, re-entering the room at this critical moment, and precipitating herself between the would-be combatants. "And very pretty treatment of the young master's friend, I'm sure."

"He's got a knife," said Dick, abashed and apologetically.

"Tush, tush, put the steel by, lad," whispered the widow. "Dick here, and his whisky this morning, and is not himself. Come, let me show you your room."

Robert Choseny picked up his bundle and followed her without even bestowing a glance at his late antagonist.

"You mustn't mind Dick," said she, confidentially, on their way up-stairs: "if anybody else had offered to hurt you, he'd have done it just the same. Here's your sleeping-room, which is but small; but if you want anything, you have only to name it."

"I should like some ink, if you please," said the lad; "that's all."

"Ink!" answered the widow, admiringly. "What! you can write, can you? Why Dick couldn't write his name to save his life!"

"Pen and paper I have in my bundle," observed Choseny; "it's only ink I want, and the favor of getting my note posted will be written to it."

"I thought from the first he was one of the quality," murmured Widow Mulvaney, as she went down-stairs: "his hair curled so, and he was so soft-spoken, and now he is for writing notes. I wonder whether it will be to his mother, poor lad. He ain't one of our own boys, who fall in love before they're short of a nail; and I should say, since he is in such haste, that it must needs be to his sweetheart."

Wearily and travel-stained as he looked, Robert Choseny was indeed a well-favored youth, very different from the majority of customers with whom Mrs. Mulvaney was wont to deal. Though lately born and reared in the city, he had the advantage of a good schooling, and took a pride in his personal appearance unusual with those of his own age and position in life. But for the circumstances of a drunken step-father and an unhappy home, he might have risen from being the son of a nation school to any pinnacle of parochial greatness; but domestic injustice and tyranny had warped a mind naturally sensitive enough to the claims of authority, and set his feet on a far different path. Of kindness, to which he was but little used, he was very susceptible, and Kavanagh's words and manner on his heart, at a time peculiarly opportune for making a pact of friendship. Unwillingly himself, he had been attracted by the other's reckless confidence to a degree that astonished him, as he now reviewed in quiet the stirring events of the past night. It was satisfactory, of course, that within an hour from his voluntary exile from his step-father's roof, he should have found a helpful friend, a temporary home; and possibly a career for the future; but what price might he not have paid for these undoubted advantages? Nay, what price might he not have already paid for them? He and his young companion, who had been left alone, even by his own account, had incurred the highest penalty of the law. He did not for a moment believe him to be guilty in a moral sense; his own experience of life, which had somehow placed the sense of justice in opposition to obedience to authority, led him to take this view; while Kavanagh himself, independent of his disclaimer, impressed him as being quite incapable of an atrocity; but still his fortunes had evidently become linked with that of a dangerous and desperate man. The measure of precaution that had been taken to insure his escape from his step-father's clutches, was, to say the least of it, a strong one. If Murphy had not prevented him, he, for his part, it is true, would have given warning of their danger to the helpless patrol, who, for all he knew, had met with their deaths from the fallen tree; but he had not done so. He was now the willing and consenting partner of those who had caused the catastrophe. For all that he had run away from home with nothing beyond what he carried on his back, and with very hazy notions of gaining a livelihood, Robert Choseny was a sensible lad, who looked matters in the face even when they were serious.

As to breaking the word he had passed to Kavanagh, to keep silence upon his late adventure, that never entered into his mind; but he did ponder with precocious gravity upon the advisability of cutting his new connections altogether. Murphy was abhorred him for his escape from his step-father's clutches, and there was this difference: from early association, his relative by marriage had obtained a certain ascendancy over him; until quite recently, indeed, he had never even resisted his correction; but as for the harking savage (his step-father), he had never been able to resist him, he did not fear him one bit. His society, so much of it, at least, as would be necessary for him to endure—would, doubtless, be distasteful to him; but his pride revolted against making this a very important item in his calculations. And, on the other hand, he had been told more than a fancy for Murphy's master. Robert had met with gentlemen, and very grand ones, in his time—magnates of his own and other countries, who had shot in the royal park, under his step-father's guidance, and for whom he had acted as a host or gamekeeper; but he had never heard such gentle tones, as those of Frank Kavanagh. No doubt, the kindness and gentleness had gained by contrast with the moodiness, and even ferocity, he had also exhibited; the self-willed and passionate man has always that advantage over his more amiable fellow when he does make himself agreeable, it is all the more appreciated, like a clump of trees on a bare moor; and Kavanagh had showed his genial side only to the boy, his rougher attributes to others. Moreover, he had trusted to his word, just as though he had been a gentleman; instead of a poor lad, and that in a matter of the gravest sort. It was a rash and reckless thing to have done in so serious a case, and on so short an acquaintance, as the boy himself could well understand; and this endeared his new friend to him all the more. Lastly, to have his vague plan for the future, which he had formed in his own mind, would, have been very welcome, even had it taken a less attractive guise; and this suggestion of leaving England and seeking his fortune in some far-away region, or, at least, in with his own longings. But perhaps what, more than anything else, finally decided Robert Choseny to accept, on reflection, the proposal which he had so hastily embraced, was this trifling circumstance: as he stood in the national attitude for reflection, with one hand scratching his head, and the other thrust into his breeches-pocket, the jingle of golden coins fell upon his ear. With the rattle of coins he was familiar, with the clink of silver even; he had some acquaintance; but to rub one piece of gold against another had never yet fallen within his own experience. He pulled out the two sovereigns which his patron had given him to make merry with, and looked on them as an Eloquent gaze on a clasp-knife, or an Obelisk woman on a gazing-glass.

Hope is cheerful and ambitious is seductive; but the possession of ready-money in the unaccustomed hand is the realization of man's brightest dream.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### A LOVE LETTER.

Two golden sovereigns to make merry with! He had slipped them into his pocket, taking them for shillings, his attention—to do him justice—being occupied at the time with bidding adieu to the donor; and he had not thought of them since. How profitable should that service be in which such a sum was bestowed as the means of mere amusement! And yet Robert Choseny's mind was not a grasping one, nor even unduly set

upon what is misnamed "the main chance"—though that could be "chance" which every man may acquire for himself, if he be prudent or rough enough; or as if that chance were "the main" one in which self is alone concerned! No, it was not on his own account that his heart leaped within him at the sight of that golden store, but because it reminded him of one with whom he could instantly share it.

He snatched his little bundle, and took from it pen and paper; and standing beside the mantelpiece—for the attic did not boast a table—wrote, in a good cursive hand—Mistress Mulvaney having kept her word as to the ink-bottle—the following letter:

MY DARLING LIZZY—Little did I think, when I bade you good-bye last night, that I should have great news to tell you so soon. I have met with a kind friend—whose name, for the present, you must be content to guess at, since he has reasons for his concealment—and I am in hopes he will put me in the way of making my living. I cannot even give you my present address, for he is not at hand to give me leave to do so; and, besides, I know, to fret, when I tell you that I am going abroad—an uncertain word, you will say, and yet I have nothing to tell you more distinctly—a great way off, my darling—beyond seas. Well, that was my wish, you know. My father was a dom right word of deed is respected me, but he spoke truth (I feel) when he used to say that England was no place for a young fellow who would make his way in the world quickly; and I have the sweetest reason—have I not?—to make it quickly. I shall write to you whenever I can. I shall think of you always—of the long summer days (that seemed so short) which we have spent together in the forest glades; I see them now in this place, where there is not a tree; I see the beech-woods by our lodge, with your red cloak glinting through their silver leaves; I see the mighty elm in front of your cottage door nodding to me, though it is far away. I do not write thus to pain you, you may be sure, but to convince you that I am still with you in my thoughts. Enough of myself. I conclude nothing has occurred within these few hours to you, though so much has happened to me. It was curious to remember that the wind would blow the elm away from your roof, not on it. You will be talking of nothing but the gale to-day—I mean your mother and James will be doing so. Then, about eleven (it is only seven o'clock when I write this), step-father will come in with the news that I have left home. The young man will look surprised (little hypocrite!), and your mother will weep. God bless her! I fear there are hard times approaching for her. James will never get your poor father's place, unless he is more careful; I know he is suspected of poisoning. It seems hard, in a land where so much is inherited, to have been left nothing but a taste, in which we are forbidden to indulge. If any opening should occur for him where I am going, I will let him know. I need not tell you to credit nothing that step-father says of me; but see your mother is not misled. I should be loath, indeed, to lose the good of one who has been so kind to me. A time may come when I may repay it; and, Lizzy, darling, I believe it will. I noticed yesterday how thin her shawl was; give her this sovereign, with my dear love, to buy her a warmer one this Christmas-tide. When she looks at it, she will remember me, and if she should be in remembrance is worn out—who knows!—I may come home—I mean to go home—to remind her of myself in person. How did I get it? Well, never mind; it was honestly come by. And don't think that I need it. There has been already a drizzle of sovereigns upon me; and if it should come to pour, in the tropics somewhere, I shall hold on my hat, turn up my umbrella (a palm-leaf) the wrong way, and get thoroughly soaked; then come back to England to be dried. Since you may like to know where I have kissed this paper, I make a mark; I already told you that I should be on my way; how grown you will be when I see you next; but you will never be more beautiful in my eyes, for that is impossible. I have got your sampler, with *Trust in me* upon it. I do; I will; and believe me always, for my part, your loving sweetheart,

ROBERT CHOSENY.

I promised to tell you everything—even if it should not be good news, as you have promised to tell me. Well, my new friend has a companion, who is not pleasant—a silly brute of a fellow, with whom I may have some trouble; even he, however, has his good point—an unreasoning attachment to his master, such as I have never seen, except in step-father's dog Fang.

Robert lay the pen of a ready writer, but this note took him long to compose; he was permitted by the nature of the case to say so little about his own adventures; and when he wrote of Lizzy, he had a way of lingering lovingly over the words, and even (as we have seen) of kissing them, which prolonged the key with him; and he had not finished, and having addressed the letter to "Lizzy Alison, Green Lane Gate, Windsor Park," was about to get it posted, when he found his door had been looked on the outside. There was no bell in the room; indeed, his habits did not lead him to look for such; and he began to shake the door-handle and kick the panel.

"Hush, hush, in Heaven's name!" said the landlady's voice through the keyhole.

"I will not hush," was the lad's angry reply; "I will not be looked in, as though I were a spy and a liar."

Mr. Murphy came out, and I suppose taken the key with him; he will be back soon, and shall open the door, I promise you. No honest lad shall be kept a prisoner in my house. In the meantime, what is it you want?"

"I want this letter posted."

"Very good. Put it under the door."

"Can I trust her?" thought Robert, hesitating.

"I will not deceive you, my good lad," continued she, guessing the cause of the delay; "I will put it into the box with my own hands." She took the letter, and went down stairs with it at once; as she did so, her eyes lit on the superstitious and a smile spread over her good-natured face. "No he has a sweetheart, after all," she murmured. "What luck it is for her to have a lover as can write! It would be something, now that my poor dear Miles is with the saints, to have an old letter or two in his own hand to keep by one, but I could never reach him, even the captain. Lor, Mr. Murphy, how you frightened me! What is it?"

"Nothing, sweetheart; only, I want that letter," and snatching the action to the word, Mr. Kavanagh's headman snatched it from her, and retreated backward, holding it behind him, into the smoking-room, from which he had suddenly emerged.

Mrs. Mulvaney's face grew two shades nearer scarlet than before. "Had so-and-so to you, you thief!" cried she, following him quickly into the room. "Give me up that letter, sweetheart, indeed! Your lips shall never touch Bridget Mulvaney's cheek again, if once you break that seal. I'll tell the young master what a mean action of a father-brother has."

"Tush, tush! it's for his sake I do it, woman. You lad is new to us all, and we know nothing of him. The master's in a tremor now, that I dare not speak of, even to myself. How much less, then, should I trust a gossip like that?"

"How came you to trust him at all, then?" inquired the widow incredulously. "If he knows, he knows."

"He knows something, and is in a position to tell it, which is more than he should have been if I had had my way; but you know what the young master is like, if he takes a fancy to man or woman, all's out."

"I believe the lad is as true as steel."

"That's because you're a woman, and the young fellow is good-looking, like myself. Well, he may be steel, and yet, without knowing it, he may have written something here which would bring Frank Kavanagh to the gallows."

"The gallows!" cried the widow, with a shudder. "Is it bad as that, Mr. Murphy? and not a spy nor a gangster in all England to expose the matter?"

"That is so, Mistress Mulvaney; and you have best not stir up a question. The point is this: though the lad up yonder knows nothing of the trouble, he knows of something that happened afterwards to a couple of dirty policemen that followed us on horseback."

"Ah, the blackguards!" ejaculated the widow, with a gasp.

"Well, they hadn't good luck, and that's a fact," said Murphy grimly; "and if the lad has chance to mention it to his friends, they may put two and two together, and find out more than he has. Besides, in his pride at staying at a private hotel, he may have written what he has written at the top of the note, and it's very particular to keep our whereabouts dark for the present."

"There's something in that," assented the widow, over, perhaps, no less by this complimentary reference to her establishment, than by her arguments. "But you needn't have matched the last bit of my hand like a fool's head. Here, give it to me for it's no more use to yourself than a man's book to a monkey—and I'll read it out to you aloud."

"You'll promise to read every word of it?" said Murphy, hesitating, and holding the letter high above his head, as if to hide anything out of sight from the lad.

"Yes, yes, I will," answered the widow impatiently. Perhaps she was not altogether sorry thus to satisfy her own curiosity as to the contents of the young fellow's love-letter, under compulsion and without twinge of conscience; and Murphy put it into her hands.

"Ha, there's money in the seal!" cried she; "and what a mane creature am I to meddle with it! He's sending his sweetheart a bit of gold, just as my Miles, when he was courting myself, once sent me half a sovereign on my birthday, only it was stolen at the time. 'Mr. Kavanagh, Lizzy,' it begins, just as his did, saving my name was Bridget. Now, Murphy, if there's anything particularly sweet in it, you must look another way, please, while I read it out. Now, silence, and be easy, sir." The last words had reference to a tender movement on the part of the lad, who had been looking round at her bonnet waist, under pretence (somewhat transparent, considering that he could not do of commanding a full view of the letter. It was curious to watch the rapid change from excess of anger to the height of good humor in these late antagonists, and the mutual friendship that had taken the place of what had so lately threatened to be a very pretty quarrel.

Little did I think, when I bade you good-bye last night, that I should have great news to tell you so soon.

"There, didn't I say he was going to tell the young master?" ejaculated Murphy. "I have now a kind friend—whose name, for the present, you must be content to guess at, since he has reasons for his concealment."

"There, you see!" cried the widow triumphantly; "if you did say he was a going to tell, Dick, you were a liar."

"Well, anyway, now the woman to guess at it, answered Murphy obstinately. Perhaps she was not altogether sorry thus to satisfy her own curiosity as to the contents of the young fellow's love-letter, under compulsion and without twinge of conscience; and Murphy put it into her hands."

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"There, didn't I say he was going to tell the young master?" ejaculated Murphy. "I have now a kind friend—whose name, for the present, you must be content to guess at, since he has reasons for his concealment."

"There, you see!" cried the widow triumphantly; "if you did say he was a going to tell, Dick, you were a liar."

"Well, anyway, now the woman to guess at it, answered Murphy obstinately. Perhaps she was not altogether sorry thus to satisfy her own curiosity as to the contents of the young fellow's love-letter, under compulsion and without twinge of conscience; and Murphy put it into her hands."

"Ha, there's money in the seal!" cried she; "and what a mane creature am I to meddle with it! He's sending his sweetheart a bit of gold, just as my Miles, when he was courting myself, once sent me half a sovereign on my birthday, only it was stolen at the time. 'Mr. Kavanagh, Lizzy,' it begins, just as his did, saving my name was Bridget. Now, Murphy, if there's anything particularly sweet in it, you must look another way, please, while I read it out. Now, silence, and be easy, sir." The last words had reference to a tender movement on the part of the lad, who had been looking round at her bonnet waist, under pretence (somewhat transparent, considering that he could not do of commanding a full view of the letter. It was curious to watch the rapid change from excess of anger to the height of good humor in these late antagonists, and the mutual friendship that had taken the place of what had so lately threatened to be a very pretty quarrel.

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public room) he was free of the house, though forbidden to place his foot outside the door. This was not a great range of liberty, but unable notwithstanding the fatigues of the previous night, to sleep, and tired of remaining in his own apartment, without the solace of a single book, the young fellow was glad enough to take advantage of it. Without being by any means afraid of the sturdy Irishman, he would not have sought his society had it been avoidable, and, on descending to the smoke-room, it was a relief to his mind to find it empty. The time, however, hung very heavily on his hands; he had really nothing to do but watch the company in the coffee-room from behind the curtains of the glass-door. They were a motley crew, and ranged from the mechanic in the receipt of good wages, down to the lineal wight who was spending his last copper in a glass of whisky, but they were all of one type—that of working (or pretending to work) Irish. They all seemed to know one another, and he knew to Mrs. Mulvaney who served them with her own hands, and had a word of friendly greeting for each of them.

She brought in Robert's own dinner at mid-day, but she did not dine with him; doubtless, Murphy had laid injunctions on her to the contrary. Later in the day, however, the stout Irishman made his appearance, without any allusion to their previous disagreement, informed Choseny that he had seen Mr. Kavanagh, who had made an appointment for them both to visit him on the evening day. Then Mrs. Mulvaney joined them, and talked to Murphy about "the boys," whom, at first, Robert took to be her children, but afterward understood to be certain grown-up habits of the establishment who had come under his own notice that day. In the evening, some of them returned, and were spoken with apart by Murphy; they were all of the more poverty-stricken class, and seemed to be a gentleman with great respect, and received what he had to say to them with assent and gratitude. About eight o'clock a curious



## IN THE WEST WING OF BARTON GRANGE.

BY MRS. M. K. MICHALL.

I, Marion Barton, had been travelling for a whole day and two nights without any rest, and when I stepped off the platform of the railway terminus into the comfortable carriage which my Uncle Barton had sent to meet me, I was to use a slang expression of our day, "dead tired," and, on learning from Joy, the old negro coachman, that we had still some twelve miles to travel before we could even see the Grange, with a half-saturnine sigh of impatience and weariness I nestled down among the soft cushions, and, for the first time since I left home, fell fast asleep.

This was my first journey from home all alone, and my first visit among strangers, if indeed I could look upon Uncle and Aunt Barton in the light of strangers, for both had often written to me and my dear mother asking her to spare them Marion for a long visit; but mamma was not well off, and the journey was a long and very expensive one, so my visit to Barton Grange was one of the pleasures I had to make up for without much chance of ever coming to anything. However, one very happy day there came a more than usually long letter from Uncle Barton, enclosing a draft for eighty dollars on one of the banks, which money, he said, was to pay his dear Marion's expenses during her stay at Barton Grange, and his little hints should come and look over her domains. So it was decided that I should go, and as mamma was indispensable at home, I was obliged to travel all alone. But I managed very nicely, and now, within an hour's drive of Barton Grange, I was actually sleeping as quietly as if I were in bed at home. I awakened with a start when the carriage came to a stand before the lodge gate, which one of old Joy's sons opened for us immediately, and as we drove rapidly up the avenue, so beautifully shaded with chestnut-trees, all my weariness was gone in a moment. I leaned out of the carriage and looked eagerly about me, trying to take in all the beautiful grounds at a glance. Then I looked everywhere for the Grange, and was just going to ask Joy how far we had yet to go, when a turn in the road brought it in full view, not looking singly among the trees as I had expected, but as a skeleton, Uncle Barton. I was quite sure the old place was haunted directly I set eyes on it. May I go into the west wing all alone?

Aunt Julia shivered and said quickly, "Oh, Marion, darling, you would just get your head up there."

"That old house looks to me as if it were haunted."

My words were distinctly heard by my sable companion, for he turned round and said, sentimentally:

"Have us, missie, what an idea to come fustlin' inter yer head. Ole Joy has libbed a rife o' years thinkin' o' yer 'nber need one yet, though folks do say—"

Just at this moment one of the spirited animals he drove, frightened at some shadow in the moonlight, began to rear and prance in the most alarming manner, requiring all Joy's skill and attention to guide him up the winding staircase. The only thing I noticed as I went through each room was that the old place was haunted directly I set eyes on it. May I go into the west wing all alone?

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Talking very fast and lovingly, patting my hand, which he still held, Uncle Barton led me up the broad steps and through the spacious hall into the drawing-room.

There he introduced me to Aunt Barton, who received me with the warmest of welcomes. She was very delicate, and sweetly pretty. Refreshments were set out for me, but I could neither eat nor drink, greatly to the distress of the dear old couple.

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dancing saloon. The former of these you will scarcely forget—the dining-room. I mean. Once a large party came over a hundred miles, from one of the great cities, for a few days' pleasure. There were married and single people, and even young children among the number. Mothers thought the country air so good for their little ones. One little girl, between three and four years of age, was much noticed and petted, for she was very lovely and a sad cripple. She had no power to help herself, but would sit hour by hour in her little rocking-chair, which some one of the party would carry for her whenever she wanted it placed. Her favorite seat was close to the stained window in the long dining-room, and there she would love to sit looking to and fro, singing sweetly to herself, while the other children romped about outside or in other parts of the Grange. She was the step-child of a gay, fashionable lady, who took a little care of the sweet, little cripple, and she would faithfully promised her husband she would protect with a mother's love. Some said that the fair young child stood between her own healthy babe and a fortune, and it is not unlikely, for a few hours before the party left the Grange, she gave out that little girl had been sent on with her nurse, who was going home another way that she might stay a few days with her mother, as the fresh change of air would be very beneficial to her little step-child. The girl, indeed, had been sent on before—but the poor innocent child was left in her little room in the dining-room, to die a cruel lingering death of starvation; but not one of that party, as they left the old Grange, for one moment realized the awful fate of the fair-haired cripple."

Just as Uncle came to this part of his sad story I burst into convulsive sobs, and again Aunt Julia's low, sweet voice broke upon my ear.

"What is the matter, Marion, darling; are you in pain, or have you been dreaming of home? You have slept so very restlessly for the last half hour."

"Oh, Aunt Julia, I have been so frightened. But where am I?"

"In bed, my pet, just where you ought to be. Your uncle and myself have breakfasted hours ago—and I have been quietly watching you for the last hour."

I sat up in bed and drew a long sigh of relief to find that I had fallen asleep. I had fallen asleep, I suppose, just about the time I had made up my mind to get up, and had not only dreamed a whole day's ramble over the grounds, but a night ramble through the west wing of the Grange, and a ghost story into the bargain.

Dear old Uncle and Aunt Barton have now been dead some years, and the property actually was left to me; but though it was a great deal more modern in many ways, I seldom care to go at night into the west end of the house—for foolish as I may appear to my readers, there always rises to my mind the great skeleton of the fair-haired child, and I always look back with a shudder on the old rocking-chair, just as I saw her in my dream the first night I slept in the west wing of the old Grange.

My readers will ask if I felt any fear. No, at least not then.

On and on I went, through long lofty corridors, and up winding staircases. The only thing I noticed as I went through each room was that the old place was haunted directly I set eyes on it. May I go into the west wing all alone?

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and Em are here, and want some one to row them about. So come directly if you can."

I was off on the wings of the wind. One day passed, then another; a week, then two. I believe that that comin' of mine pretended to sprain her foot, to give me and Em an opportunity of being alone. So it happened we walked and talked that evening, and after dark we came to the white garden-plot. I laid my hand upon it, as if to feel for Em, but I held it fast; no, when Em turned for explanation, she looked in my face and seemed to understand all. I do not know how I told her, but I did tell her; and although her head was bent and her bosom heaving, yet light shone in her face and her eyes were happy, so that moment our hearts were united, and Nature's own sweet consent was gained and given and ratified.

What a happy tale that was after I had asked for Em. Her mother was smiling and crying to herself. Her uncle chatted with my cousin in a friendly way, and was very dignified and happy. We sat opposite each other. Her face was radiant, and I was in the highest spirits. Scarce a fall in the conversation ensued; but the words were repeated, "I'm so glad. I thought Em was going to refuse everybody."

I'm an old man now; but Em has been my helper through life, and to this moment I never forget that accidental kiss.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LAST MONTH'S WORKS.—The storms of January made havoc among the vessels trading to and from American ports. The number of vessels belonging to or bound to or from ports of the United States, reported totally lost or missing during the past month is forty-one, of which twenty-three were wrecked, two burned, four sunk by collision, four foundered, four were abandoned and four were missing. These vessels, estimated cargoes, were valued at \$1,514,000, and it is supposed their cargoes were worth as much more. Four steamers are in the list, and also six ships, six barques, six brig and nineteen schooners. The only Philadelphia vessel reported in the ship *Tuscarora*, which foundered at sea off the Portuguese coast, while on a voyage from Mobile to Liverpool.

The jury in the Wharton case, at Annapolis came into Court, February 3, just before noon, and stated that they were unable to agree. They were then discharged. They stood eight for conviction, and four for acquittal. Mrs. Wharton was acquitted, her recognizance to answer the charge of attempting to poison Eugene Van Ness, at the April term of the Court.

The cholera has made its appearance in several places in Russia and Hungary. Thus warned, the authorities of our seaports should take all proper precautions against the entry of this insidious visitor.

Hundreds of people were frozen to death in England during the late cold spell in that country. The winter of 1872-73 has been the most severe experienced in England within the last third of a century.

## Egyptian Jugglers.

Expert as are such performers as Mita, Andros and others, who have astonished thousands upon thousands with their adroit management of eggs in a bag, the transfer of seeds from one locked box to another packed away in the centre of half a dozen dove-tailed caskets one within another, the bare-legged exhibitions in the open squares of Cairo, in broad daylight, and the mysterious laceration of those light-fingered gentlemen quite in the background.

We have personally contemplated their matchless performances till it saved all further effort in the way of accounting for their extraordinary deceptions by admitting with the argument that the devil must have been at their elbow.

On one bright morning a fellow had gathered a crowd by blowing a conch shell. An oval area was formed by a compact mass of wonder-watching spectators. Women and children sat on the sand up to the breast in broad daylight, and the mysterious laceration of those light-fingered gentlemen quite in the background.

At one end of the oval, perhaps two rods off, Mahomed Kasser al-Masbar marched forward with serpent, about a yard long, held by the neck, wriggling and squirming for liberty. Tall first the reptile was gradually lowered into the mortar by winding in the body coarser fashion up to the head. He then took up his former position at a distance. Addressing the assembled multitude with the volubility of a mock-anthologist on Broadway, he said, "Now, look for the snake will disappear." While thus vociferating the snake frequently stretched up out of the vessel several inches, but fell back again at a rebuke from the orator. Once 'twice 'three times!—and sure enough the reptile was gone. As an animation of the mortar satisfied all there were no reception notes within. How was the feat accomplished.

## A Lively Damsel.

A charming young lady of eighteen summers named Carrie L. of Warren, paid a visit to this city a short time since, and on Saturday afternoon last she went to the depot of the Warren and Youngs road, intending to return home, but arriving just in time to see the train disappearing round the curve. Bent upon reaching Warren that night she started out along the track with the view of walking the entire distance. On Miss Carrie's slip at the rate of four miles an hour until 7 o'clock in the evening, when she arrived at Newton, which is twelve miles from the city. Upon reaching the middle of the trestle work at this point she saw the night train approaching; to go on or recede, or step to one side was impossible, so she jumped down into the channel twenty feet below, and fortunately the ground was covered with a snow-drift into which she sank up to her armpits, thus breaking her fall and saving her life. Carrie did not scream or cry for help, or anything of that sort, but quietly dug herself out, and after half an hour's work regained the track and resumed her journey. Two or three miles further on still more serious obstacles presented themselves, the track was under water as far as the eye could reach. Upon looking round she discovered a light in the woods and concluded that it must be a house. This proved to be the case, and the hospitable family, after hearing her story, took her in and did everything in their power for her comfort. The next morning she took the train from Newton for Warren, and arrived there in time for dinner.—*Tuscarora Herald.*

## Curious Advertisements.

MINE.—Silence will never mean forgetfulness, but obedience to necessity. For I cannot change, and to end of his life he will be, to be loving in your faithfulness of heart. Tiny lock of hair—April 4th, May, June 24th.

MINE.—In answer to Mine of the 17th inst., all in good health, and trying to be brave; watch daily for further news from yours—and ever yours.

TALMA.—Do not think kindly of me. You have not answered my letter. I am true to you and shall be forever.—STATE.

FRIDAY EVENING, 30 November. Both members of the party were in good health, and I cannot change, and to end of his life he will be, to be loving in your faithfulness of heart. Tiny lock of hair—April 4th, May, June 24th.

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C. R.—Quite well. Only heard about C. A. last night. C. R. in despair. C. A. promised to take care of health. Longing for promised letter. Always remember 30. Could not I. P. send address for C. R. to write to? Best love. Ever till death faithful.

FRIDAY EVENING, 30 November.—You are mistaken; both were known, and the communication of the 17th inst. also. When you advertise again, put first and last letter of either your post town or mine. Write to me at home, if you think well, directly you see this.—H. V.

KANGAROO revived by bones, though nearly choked by a piece of one after swallowing five hard biscuits. Troubled. Found cat two six could five two one eight pig one bear in every way. Four nine leopard one four elephant three four seven bear. Faithful until death.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Thirty cents a line for the first insertion. Twenty cents for each additional insertion. Payment is required in advance.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN USE Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Pimples on the Face, Blackheads and Freckles use Perry's Improved Camomile and Pimple Remedy. THE GREAT SKIN MEDICINE. Prepared only by Dr. R. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York.

FOR THE "THE FLIRT," containing Handkerchiefs, Fans, Glasses, Parasols, and other articles. Largest Organ Establishment in the World. Seven Extensive Factories. J. ESTEY & COMPANY, Brattleboro, Vt., U.S.A.

THE CELEBRATED Estey Cottage Organs. The latest and best improvements. Everything that the modern taste requires. The Organs were introduced first in this establishment. Established 1846.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. MORRIS REVELATIONS. Sent free. Address A. HENLEY, Publisher, Omaha, Neb.

A FORTUNE IN IT, a 176-page book, containing a complete and perfect guide to wealth, just out. Bound and gilt; only 50 cents. W. B. HAMILTON, Brattleboro, N. J.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND. CONSUMPTIVE CURE. Dr. H. J. JAMES, while experimenting, accidentally made a preparation of CANCER INOCULUM, which cured his only child of CONSUMPTION. This remedy is now for sale at first-class Druggists. Try it, prove it for yourself. Price \$2.50. CRADDOCK & CO., Proprietors, 1009 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Letters answered promptly.

PEMBERTON; OR, One Hundred Years Ago. BY HENRY PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN JOB," &c.

"There comes a voice that awakes my soul. It is the voice of years that are gone; they roll before me with their deeds."—Gentle.

A thick duodecimo volume, handsomely printed, and bound in cloth. Frontispiece, (beautifully engraved by Sharp, after a design by Russell), the After Scene between Helen and Washington.

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